

Neologic Spasm

Front Line Assembly

So strange is the feeling
Sinking down below
Caught in this current
By the undertow

Silence now is falling
So quiet is the rage
Gasping for another breathe
Survival is the game

You kick. You scream
And try to shout
But no one is there to here
Water fills up your lungs
The end is getting near

Dying sensation
Fascination
Expectation
Re-creation

Attraction sucks you down below
Shockwave hits you hard
Effectors of hypoxia
Now you can't go far

A tear of blood comes to your eye
Your heart grinds to a halt
Deliverance from this certain fate
Now forever late

Under the water
Where you cannot breath
Chocking feeling
Sinking deep
Eternal sleep

So strange is the haze
The colors turning gray
Shadows of illusions
All looking the same

A spectrum of eternal thoughts
Left so far behind
Things that we had hoped for
Now will never find